As Grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches, arme, incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The King and his companions: warely
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his Embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence Maieſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhee beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder.
Making the bold wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,

A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried all goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly paſſions ſolemne teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And euery one his Loue-ſeat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres: which they'll know
By fauors ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Queen. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and giue me thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Fauours too, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the fauours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queene. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their ſeuerall counſels they vnboſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayd, to talke and greete.
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs too't?
Queen. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turne away his face.